那条游出银幕的大鱼

电影里那条大鱼住在深谷的池塘里，一辈子不出谷口。它见过谷口外面的云，见过顺水漂来的外地叶子，可它每次游到谷口就掉头。银幕上的小鱼们都笑它：外面的海有什么好？大鱼不答，只是夜里浮在水面上，朝着谷口的方向一动不动。放映厅里很安静，我盯着那条鱼的背，背上的鳞片一块一块都是暗的。

后来它跃出去了。不是在一个阳光很好的早晨，是在暴风雨里，谷口的瀑布涨成白茫茫一片，它借着那股水跃了出去，尾巴扫过崖壁，鳞片崩掉几片。它落在谷外的大水里，翻了个身，水花里有星星点点的光。我这才发现自己在屏息，手心里全是汗，旁边同学递过来半包纸巾，也没接。

我想起三年级暑假学自行车。小区后面的路是下坡，我捏着刹车不敢松，爸爸在后面扶着后座说，眼睛看前面，别看轮子。我骑得歪歪扭扭，车头一偏就跳车。有天下午我回头，发现爸爸站在二十米开外，两只手插在兜里。他什么时候松的手，我不知道。那一下我慌得捏死刹车，摔了，膝盖破了皮。可我也知道了：车原来一直是我自己在骑。

电影放完，字幕滚起来，我还坐着没动。我在想那条大鱼崩掉的鳞片。它跃出去不是不疼，是疼也跃。我摔那一下膝盖疼了一个星期，走路都瘸，可第二个星期我就敢自己骑车上学了，还学会了在下坡的时候不捏死刹车。

放学路上我特意绕到小区后面那条下坡路，推着车走了一遍，又骑了一遍。车头还是会偏，偏了我这次没跳，歪着骑过去，骑到坡底自己笑了。风把刘海吹得乱七八糟，我想起大鱼尾巴扫过崖壁那一下，也是歪的。

银幕上的深谷后来成了传说，大鱼再也没回去过。我合上本子，心里那句话没有写下来，但我记住了：谷口外面确实有水花里的光。要去看，得先让车骑出我自己抓刹车的那只手。

The Big Fish That Swam Out of the Screen

In the film, the big fish lives in a pond deep in a valley and never leaves the valley mouth its whole life. It has seen the clouds beyond the mouth, has seen leaves from other places drifting in with the water, yet every time it swims to the mouth it turns back. The small fish on the screen laugh at it: what is so good about the sea outside? The big fish does not answer. It only floats on the water at night, motionless, facing the direction of the mouth. The hall was very quiet. I stared at the back of the fish, scale after scale dark upon it.

Then it leapt out. Not on a bright morning, but in a storm. The waterfall at the valley mouth swelled into a white blur, and it rode that water outward, its tail sweeping the cliff, a few scales breaking off. It landed in the great water beyond the valley, rolled over, and there were specks of light in the splash. Only then did I notice I had been holding my breath, my palms all sweat. A classmate held out half

a pack of tissues; I did not take it.

I remembered learning to ride a bicycle in the summer of third grade. The road behind our compound ran downhill, and I gripped the brake, afraid to let go. My father held the back seat from behind and said: eyes forward, do not look at the wheel. I rode crooked, and jumped off whenever the handlebar swung. One afternoon I looked back and found my father standing twenty meters away, both hands in his pockets. When he had let go, I did not know. That moment I panicked and squeezed the brake to death, fell, and scraped my knee. But I also learned this: the bike had all along been ridden by me alone.

The film ended, the credits rolled, and I still sat without moving. I was thinking of the broken scales of the big fish. It leapt out not because there was no pain, but leaping in spite of pain. My fall hurt for a week, and I walked with a limp, yet in the second week I dared to ride to school alone, and I learned not to lock the brake on a downhill.

In the film the deep valley later became a legend, and the big fish never went back. I closed my notebook. I did not write down the sentence in my heart, but I remembered it: beyond the valley mouth there really is light inside the splash. To see it, I must first let the bike ride out of my own hand on the brake.

On the way home from school I deliberately detoured along the downhill road behind our compound, walked my bike along it once, then rode it once. The handlebar still swung, and this time I did not jump off; I rode it out crooked, and at the bottom of the slope I laughed at myself. The wind messed up my bangs, and I thought of the moment the tail of the big fish swept the cliff wall. That, too, was crooked.

狐狸的九条尾巴少了一条

电影演到一半，我旁边的周小舟小声问我：那只狐狸为什么总是一个人坐着？我没答上来。银幕上那只狐狸有八条尾巴，别的狐狸都有九条。它到处找自己丢的那一条，翻石头，钻草丛，问路过的鸟。找了一整部电影，一条也没找回来。

最让我心里一动的是那个雨夜。一只小鹿的腿被石头缝卡住了，狐狸本来要赶路去找尾巴，它停了停，把自己的第八条尾巴伸过去，让小鹿咬着借力，把腿拔出来。尾巴上被咬掉一撮毛。狐狸舔了舔伤口，没吭声。后来雪停了，它回到老地方坐着，忽然发现第九条尾巴就在身后，短短的，新长的，像一小束火苗。它愣了很久，把尾巴绕到身前看了看，又放回身后。

看到这里我想起陈小禾。四年级上学期，她借我的橡皮擦错了字，把我那张写了一半的读书卡蹭花了。我生气，把她的借书证从她桌上推到桌下。她捡起来，从此两个星期不跟我说话。我

们座位挨着，那十五天里我们没讲过一句话，各自跟别人说话时还故意大声。我表面没事，心里每天数日子，数到第十天我已经在草稿纸上写好了道歉的话，又揉掉了。

第十四天，她感冒请假没来。放学时她妈妈来还我的借书证，说陈小禾在家念叨我。第二天我把一颗橘子糖放在她桌角，没写字。她来了，拿起糖看了看，坐下，剥开吃了。她说：你的读书卡我赔你一张新的。我说：我那张本来也写歪了。

电影里狐狸找了一辈子没找回来的尾巴，是在它把尾巴借出去的那个晚上自己长回来的。我说不清这算不算道理。我只知道那天放学，我跟陈小禾一起走出校门，她的围巾拖在地上，我提醒她，她捡起来，两个人一路都在说话。

散场时周小舟又问我：狐狸为什么不着急？我说：它不是不着急，它是把手松开了。

The Fox With One Tail Less

Halfway through the film, Zhou Xiaozhou next to me whispered: why does that fox always sit alone? I could not answer. The fox on the screen has eight tails, while other foxes all have nine. It searches everywhere for the tail it lost, turning over stones, crawling through grass, asking passing birds. It searches the whole film and gets not one tail back.

What moved me most was the rainy night. A young deer had its leg wedged in a crack of rock. The fox was on its way to look for its tail, but it paused, reached out its eighth tail for the deer to bite and pull itself free, and the leg came out. A tuft of fur was bitten off the tail. The fox licked its wound and made no sound. Later, when the snow stopped, it returned to its old place to sit, and suddenly found the ninth tail behind it, short and newly grown, like a small bundle of flame. It stared for a long time, curled the tail around to look at it, then let it fall back behind.

Watching that, I thought of Chen Xiaohe. In the first term of fourth grade, she used my eraser to rub out a wrong character and smeared my half-finished reading card. I got angry and pushed her library card off her desk onto the floor. She picked it up, and for two weeks she did not speak to me. Our seats touched, and in those fifteen days we exchanged not one word, speaking loudly to others on purpose. Outside I seemed fine; inside I counted the days. By the tenth day I had written an apology on scratch paper, then crumpled it up.

On the fourteenth day she was absent with a cold. At dismissal her mother came to return my library card, saying Chen Xiaohe kept talking about me at home. The next day I put a tangerine candy on the corner of her desk, with no note. She came, picked up the candy, looked at it, sat down, unwrapped it, and ate it. She said: I will

replace your reading card with a new one. I said: mine was crooked anyway.

The tail the fox searched a lifetime and never got back grew back the night it lent a tail away. I cannot say whether that counts as a lesson. I only know that at dismissal that day, Chen Xiaohe and I walked out of the school gate together, her scarf dragging on the ground. I reminded her, she picked it up, and we talked the whole way.

As the hall emptied, Zhou Xiaozhou asked again: why was the fox not anxious? I said: it was not that it was not anxious. It was that it opened its hand.

灯亮之前，我在座位上多坐了一会儿

电影里那座老火车站要关了。最后一班车开走以后，站长一个人站在站台上，把广播打开，又放了一遍那句：开往山南的列车即将进站。站台上没有人。他放完，把广播关了，锁上候车室的门，钥匙挂在门框的钉子上，没有取走。字幕说，第二年春天，候车室改成了图书角，钥匙还在钉子上。

这一段没有音乐，只有广播里那句重复的话，和铁轨被风吹着的声音。我鼻子发酸，自己也没料到。我旁边座位上的女生在笑我，我装作擦眼镜。

灯亮起来，大家往门口挤。我没动，在座位上又坐了一会儿，看着银幕上那片白。我想起爷爷。我们村通火车的那些年，每天傍晚五点半，爷爷搬个小板凳坐在院门口，面朝村口那条路。那趟车其实不停我们村，只在村口道口过一趟，呜呜一叫就过去。我问爷爷等谁，他说没等谁，听听。火车停运那年，道口拆了，爷爷还是每天五点半坐一会儿，手里剥着毛豆，耳朵朝着那个方向。

电影里的站长为什么不取走钥匙？我在座位上想这个问题。候车室的钟停了，长椅搬走了，可他把钥匙留在钉子上，像是给还想来的人留个门。我爷爷坐在院门口，听的也不是火车，他听的是那些下车的人，是挑着担子回村的，是放假回来的学生。车没了，那些人还在路上，他就还坐着。

我在座位上把鞋带重新系了一遍才起身。走到门口，那个笑我的女生回头等我，我们一起出去。外面天刚黑，路灯刚亮。我跟她说，这部电影我长大还要再看一遍。她问为什么。我说，有些片子，灯亮了舍不得马上走。

回家路上我给家里打电话，妈妈说爷爷在院里坐着呢。我把电话递给爷爷之前，先喊了一声：爷爷，火车过不过不要紧，你也听听我。电话那头他笑了，说：好好好，我听着呢。

I Stayed in My Seat a While After the Lights

The old railway station in the film is about to close. After the last train pulls away, the stationmaster stands alone on the platform, switches on the loudspeaker, and plays that sentence once more: the train bound for Shannan is about to arrive. There is nobody on the platform. When it finishes, he switches off the loudspeaker, locks the door of the waiting room, and hangs the key on the nail beside the frame, without taking it back. The subtitle says that in the spring of the following year, the waiting room became a reading corner, and the key is still on the nail.

This part has no music, only the repeated sentence from the loudspeaker and the sound of wind along the rails. My nose stung, and I did not expect it myself. The girl in the seat beside me laughed at me, and I pretended to wipe my glasses.

The lights came on and everyone pushed toward the door. I did not move; I sat in my seat a little longer, looking at the white glow of the screen. I thought of my grandfather. In the years when our village had rail service, every evening at half past five he carried a small stool out to sit at the gate, facing the road at the village entrance. That train never actually stopped at our village; it passed once through the crossing at the entrance, hooted, and was gone. I asked Grandpa whom he was waiting for. He said nobody, just listening. The year the line closed, the crossing was dismantled, and Grandpa still sat there at half past five every day, shelling green beans, his ears turned that way.

Why did the stationmaster in the film leave the key on the nail? I sat in my seat and thought about it. The clock in the waiting room had stopped, the benches had been carried off, yet he left the key on the nail, as if leaving a door open for anyone who might still want to come. My grandfather sitting at the gate was not listening for trains either. He was listening for the people who got off somewhere nearby, for those walking home with carrying poles, for students back for the holidays. The trains were gone, but those people were still on the road, so he kept sitting.

I stayed long enough to retie my shoelaces before standing up. At the door, the girl who had laughed at me turned to wait for me, and we went out together. Outside, dusk had just fallen and the street lamps had just come on. I told her I would watch this film again when I grew up. She asked why. I said: some films, you cannot bear to leave the moment the lights come on.

On the way home I called the house. My mother said Grandpa was sitting in the courtyard. Before handing the phone to him, I called out first: Grandpa, whether the train passes or not does not matter, you listen to me too. On the other end he laughed and said: all right, all right, I am listening.